on shore with my first cargo, and was *x* trusty servant to me many years.

VL *Tools*

The want of tools made every work I did go on heavily; and it was nearly a whole year before I had finished my little pale or surrounded habitation. The piles or stakes, which were as heavy as I could well lift, were a long time in cutting and preparing in the woods, and more by far in bringing home; so that I sometimes spent two days in cutting and bringing home one of those posts^ and a third day in driving it into the ground.

After some time—I think it was a year and a half—I raised rafters from my fence leading to the rock, and covered them with boughs of trees and such things as I could get to keep out the rain, which I found at some times of the year very violent. Also I set to work to make such necessary things as I found I most wanted, such as a chair and a table; for without these I was not able to enjoy the few comforts I had in the world. I had

never
handled a tool in my life, yet in time, by
labour and contrivance, I found at last that
I wanted nothing but I could have made it,